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Newport Mercury.

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F. A. PRATT & CO., WM. MEYER.

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Volume 103.

Poetry.

For the Mercury.

ALL ONE.

BY ELLIN.

One sleep! In a stately mansion
They laid their feet to rest,
And in robes of snowy whiteness
The cherubim form they dress.
Mid the satin pillows nestled
The fill the rosewood bed,
And with white Camellias crowning
The tiny, golden head.

To a flower planted garden,
The funeral train went past,
White ribbons the coffin lowered,
White blossoms on its east.
On the marble, sculptured angels
A wail the budding flower,
The temple past, the bright spring time,
The resurrection hour.

One sleep! In the shattered hovel
They laid their feet to rest,
A bunch of faded violets
Was pressed upon her breast
In a worn and dingy garment
They dressed the little one,
O'er the clustering curls of sunlight,
Screwed the rough pine-rod down.

A hier through the close streets carried,
The churchyard corner free,
The coffin carefully lowered,
Earth blossoms on its head,
And a woe-stricken, unwept,
Mark the green and dead grave,
To tell of hope and victory,
Of him who died to save.

Two mothers the long day weeping,
Missing the sunny hair;
Two fair young forms in yon heaven,
"Under the angel" care,
No must sink the walls dividing
The wealthy and the poor,
All shall be one in their sorrow,
One, on the spirit shore.

Lines.

BY MRS. S. L. REED.

And He said unto them follow me,
And I will make you fishers of men.

Two Jesus spoke.

The fishers heard, and quickly left their nets
And followed him.

Now asked they where, or whence He came,
Now asked they where, or whence He came.

That voice from heaven, O, who can tell,
That voice from heaven, O, who can tell.

What confidence those tones inspired, fresh
From the eternal courts above.

"Fishers of men!" what meant those words!
Necious words he spoke before.

Let them then like a meaning deep,
That meaning who shall fathom?

And they were taught by fishermen
Whom Jesus called; unlearned and poor.

Say you, "Nay, wisdom deep their bosoms fill;
Not such as earth or man can give.

But wisdom such as angels know,
Who worship round the eternal throne.

And minister at God's right hand,
Toss this that led them in the storm.

And taught their hearts to do and dare;
To look beyond this mortal mass.

These transient things of earth,
Whose life is but a moment's space.

And man is only born to die,
Toss this that led their hearts to feel.

In pity for their fellow-men,
Who on the brink of ruin stood.

And dangers all unconsumed and Lord,
Fall of unrighteousness and pride.

Which might be pure and without sin,
The dwelling place of God.

They walked with Jesus;
So may we, the fountain of eternal life.

And thus become joint heirs with Christ,
Of all that God has promised.

Thus they were rich,
Though gold or silver they had none.

Nor house or lands;
Nor ever sought they these;

But trusting treasure, such as God can give;
A home in that celestial city bright.

Which John the revelator saw;
Where e'en the sun shall be ashamed

And the dazzling splendor of the Lord,
Fall of unrighteousness and pride.

Where Saints the new-made song shall sing
A song that angels never knew.

Where happiness doth like a river flow,
And love comes floating 'mid the balmy breeze.

This is the blessed of heaven,
And such a life immortal.

Useful Hints.

IN PREPARING TEA a good economist will be

careful to have the best water, that is, the softest

and least impregnated with foreign mixture, for if

tea is infused in hard and in soft water, the latter

will always yield the greatest quantity of the

tanning matter, and will strike the deepest black,

with sulphate of iron in solution.

IN MAKING COFFEES, observe that the broader

the bottom and the smaller the top of the vessel,

the better it will be.

TO DRIVE AWAY MOTHS from clothes, wrap up

some yellow turpentine soap in paper; or place

an open bottle containing spirits of turpentine in

the wardrobe.

THE WRITES OF AN EGG, well beaten with quick-

lime, and a small quantity of very old cheese,

forms an excellent substitute for cement, when

wanted in a hurry, either for broken china or old

ornamental glassware.

A GREAT INCREASE OF HOWE-BRAND, bread,

even equal to one-fifth, may be produced by using

bran water for kneading the dough. The proportion

is three pounds of bran for every twenty-

eight pounds of flour, to be boiled for an hour,

and then strained through a hard sieve.

ON TREATING FOR SCURVY IN THE HEADS OF IS-

LANDS.—Lard, two ounces; sulphuric acid, di-

luted, two drams; rub them together, and anoint

the head once a day.

REMEDY FOR BLISTERED FEET FROM LONG

WALKING.—Rub the feet, at going to bed, with

Selected Tale.

JANE'S VALENTINE.

BY MRS. H. M. LADD WARNER.

What a beautiful tableau! Three beau-
tiful girls convulsed with laughter, and one
plain-faced maiden bathed in tears. It
was St. Valentine's Eve. Missive after
missive had been brought into the back
parlor at Judge Milford's parlor by the
obsequious waiter. Some of these offerings
were large and expensive; some tiny and
delicate; some replete with flattery; some
replete with perfume; all eminently
shiny.

But none of these had occasioned the
mirth of the trio, or the grief of the one.
Some vulgar person had sent a vile car-
icature to the plain sister, accompanied by
an exaggerated description of her ugliness
in verse.

It was quite painful enough to Jane to
know that she possessed no claim to per-
sonal beauty. Could she have lost sight
of that fact he would have appeared
very differently at times. But her sisters
always managed to bring their own pre-
tensions into such forcible contrast with her
plainness, that she was rarely free from a
nervous sort of consciousness of her personal
defects.

But she had good sense and a patient
spirit, which they had not. Still, when
they grew so merry over her solitary Val-
entine, she finally burst into tears, in spite
of all her efforts to the contrary; for Jane
was in the habit of controlling her emotions,
when wounded and heart-sore, until safety
concealed in her own room.

"Look!" exclaimed Isabel, opening her
large black eyes to their utmost capacity,
"the child is really weeping. Why Jane! you
are more like the picture than ever. You
would never do for a heroine in a
novel, for they are always represented as
irresistible in tears."

"Mercy! how red your eyes are," ejacu-
lated azure-orbed Clara. "You do look
frightful!"

"The poor child can't help being ugly!"
interposed Fanny gazing complacently into
the mirror opposite, where her red lips and
auburn ringlets were advantageously re-
flected.

"That is just what pains me," sobbed
Jane.

"Because God saw fit to create me plain,
I do not see why I should be made the
butt of every coarse jest. I suppose I
have feelings like other people. Should
my faults of temper or omissions of duty
be chosen as subjects of ridicule, I am sure
I would not complain; but to ridicule my
personal appearance, I think savors coarse-
ness and ignorance."

Isabel's black eyes flashed. Jane, the
youngest of them all, always so submissive,
always so humble to burst out so suddenly,
with so pointed a declaration!

"Mr. Lee, in the drawing, wishes to see
Miss Jane," announced this juncture.

"Are you sure he said Jane?" demanded
Clara.

"Yes, mem," replied the waiter.

"Lottie is ill again, no doubt," suggested
Fanny. "Jane is such an excellent nurse;
and Isabel added, 'I wish Cousin Charles
had come in to spend the evening in a
sociable way.'"

It would certainly have been very
agreeable, for Charles Lee was rich, fine
looking, and intelligent, a widower, and
remotely related to the Milfords. No
wonder they all found cousin Charles an
interesting gentleman, his little daughter
Lottie a perfect angel, and his country seat
a terrestrial Paradise.

Jane lolled on the way to the drawing
room, trying to efface all traces of her re-
cent grief. "Is Lottie ill?" Interrogated
she, as Mr. Lee approached her.

"No, Jane," he replied, "Lottie is well,
but in want."

"In want?" Jane repeated.

"Yes, in want of a mother, and I of a
wife, and I have come here to night to
offer myself for life, if she will accept a man
old enough to be her father."

"Why, I am very plain, she faltered
forth. 'I have just received the most horrid
caricature you ever saw, in consideration
of my claims to extraordinary ugliness.'"

"I recollect thinking you plain when I
first saw you," he replied; "but now, in my
eyes, you are the prettiest of the four."
Besides I do not base my preferences on
personal beauty. You are good, gentle,
and sweet-toned; and I love you. But
about the Valentine: do you consider me
particularly ill-looking?"

"You, Mr. Lee!" said Jane, innocently;
"why, you are handsome."

"Well, I received a Valentine to-day
quite as grotesque as your own. I'll be
bound," and he unfolded a sheet, revealing
a lone widower shivering over a miserable
fire. "But this awakened me to a sense of
my desolate condition, and I determined to
appeal to you, notwithstanding my fear of
your reply, when I consider my thirty-six
and your eighteen years. Is that a bar-
rier, dear Jane?"

Dear Jane! What a charm lingered all
around those two little words! Who had

ever pronounced them so softly and tender-
ly? No one, she was positive; and
she naively replied,

"Oh! I should never think of that."
"What can keep Jane so long?" said
Clara, restlessly, "I can't think for my life
what cousin Charles could want."

Jane entered the room just as she had
spoken these words.

"Where is cousin Charles?" queried
Fanny.

"In the study with papa," was the an-
swer, and, taking a light, Jane glided from
the room to be alone with her new happi-
ness.

The next morning, wonder, chagrin, and
disappointment could be discovered in the
faces of the three sisters, on hearing their
father congratulate Jane on the very eligi-
ble match she made. "For," said he, "I
have always hoped to see Charles Lee my
son-in-law, and, though you are no beauty,
I think he has manifested good sense in his
selection."

Jane keeps her caricature. She says
she looks at it occasionally, for fear her
other Valentine (Charles) should succeed
in making her believe herself pretty.

Rather Humorous for the Children.
Good Mrs. Thompson had been neglected
as a child and was enthusiastic in the
cause of early education, and she was con-
stantly endeavoring to teach her children.

"Now close your book, Bob," said the
mother, "And Aleo, give me yours. Put
your hands down, turn from the fire, and
look up at me, dears."

"What is the capital of Russia?"
"The Birman empire," said Aleo, with
unhesitating confidence.

"The Baltic sea," cried Bob, emulous and
ardent.

"Wait—not so fast; let me see, my
dears, which of you is right."

Mrs. Thompson appealed immediately
to her book, after a long and private com-
munication with which, she emphatically
pronounced both wrong.

"Give us a chance, mother," said Bob, in
a wheedling tone; (Bob knew his mother's
weakness.) "Then's such hard words. I
don't know how it is, but I never can re-
member them. Just tell us half the syllable
—oh, do now, please."

"Oh, I know now," cried Aleo, "it's some-
thing with a G in it."

"Think of the apostles, dears. What
are the names of the apostles?"

"Why there's Moses," began Bob, count-
ing on his fingers, "and there's Sammywell,
and there's Aaron, and Noah's ark."

"Stop, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson,
"just begin again. I said who was Peter—
no, no, not that—who was an apostle?"

"Oh, I know now," cried Aleo again.
(Aleo was the sharp boy of the family.)

"It's Peter. Peter's the capitol of Rus-
sia."

"No, not quite, my dear; try again."

"Paul," half murmured Robert, with a
reckless glow of proving right.

"No, Peter's right; but there's something
else. What has your father been taking
down the beds for?"

"There was a solemn silence, and the
three industrious sisters blushed the faintest
blush that could be raised upon a maiden's
cheek.

"To rub that stuff upon the walls," said
the ready Aleo.

"Yes, but what was it to kill?" asked the
instructress.

"The fleas," said Bob.

"Worse than that, my dear."

"Oh, I know now," shrieked Aleo for the
third time. "Peterburg's the capitol of
Russia."

Industry.—Not long ago, a country
gentleman had an estate worth £200 a year,
which he kept in his own hands until he
found himself so much in debt that, to sat-
isfy his creditors, he was compelled to sell
the half and let the remainder to a farmer
for twenty years. Towards the expiration
of the lease, the farmer coming one day to
pay his rent, asked the gentleman if he
would sell his farm. "Why, will you buy
it?" said the gentleman. "Pray tell me
how it happens that while I could not live
upon twice as much land, for which I paid
no rent, you are regularly paying me a
hundred pounds a year for rent, and are
able in a few years to purchase the farm."

"The reason is plain," replied the farmer.—
"You sat still, and said go. I got up, and
said come. You laid in bed, and enjoyed
your estate; I rose in the morning, and
minded my business."

Birth Days.—From the moment in which
childhood leaves us, we begin to count our
birth-days with sighs instead of smiles.—
They are involuntary pauses, forcing a
consciousness of life, even upon the gliddest
—steps are they in the ladder of time,
and when we consider them as leaving the
past, or leading to the future, the thought
is equally sobering.

What vegetable is anything but agree-
able on board a ship? A leek.

Small bonnets and crinolines are no long-
er worn by ladies of fashion in Paris.

If parents are shameless, the conduct of
children will generally be shameful.

Words are but poor fig-leaves to cover
the nakedness of deeds.

THE FAIRY'S OFFER.

"Thou shalt have thy will," said the fairy king.
"If it be the bounds of reason;
Speak, and my millions shall gladly bring.
In the wink of an eye thy desire to bring,
Under penalty of high treason."

"Shall it be wealth?—From every mine
In the deepest womb of earth,
Where richest and rarest of jewels shine,
A wish and a word, and they all are thine,
A thousand kingdoms worth!"

Up sprang the Youth—Oh you should have seen
The flash of his scornful eye!
He but waved his hand with indignant mien
To such base boon he disdained, I ween,
To make any other reply.

"Shall it be Power? Thy sway shall spread
From equator to either pole;
Of a thousand monarchs, the monarch head,
O'er their sceptres and swords thy triumph tread,
Autochrot of the whole?"

"Of my mind alone let my kingdom be,"
Came the answer calm and clear;
"Friends round me in manly fraternity,
But no cowering slaves at my feet I'd see,
With their hearts of hate and fear."

"Shall it be fame?—In every clime
They shall name thee to bless and praise;
And in statue, and column, and nobler rhyme,
Shall a thousand ages of unborn time
On thy deathless glory gaze!"

His bosom heaved, and the eager word
From his lip seemed fain to start;
As wave by the wind was his spirit stirred,
But he answered—"Far better the blessing heard
From the depth of my silent heart."

"Is it Wisdom, then, whose glorious lore
Is the aim of thy soul's high yearning?
Speak, and a thousand fold better and more
Than ever was crammed in one head before,
Shall be thine—without trouble of learning!"

"Oh, wisdom, my midnight toils have sought,
As all other prize above,
But the truest truth that the whole has taught,
Is, that Love in the head is but hollow haught
In the heart, if there be not Love."

"Then of all the boons in thy wide control,
Love, Love, let my portion be!
Wealth, Power, Fame, Wisdom, O keep the whole,
If you grant me but Love!"—quoth the simple
soul.

As he blushed on his bended knee.

Extracts from the Report of the Superin-
dent of the Butler Asylum concluded:

Excessive bodily exertion, by deranging some
of the functions of organic life, may indi-
rectly occasion mental disease, and therefore
should be cautiously used by the class of per-
sons in question. No small amount of in-
activity in this country, especially among the
married American women of the humbler classes,
is produced by a degree of daily toil greatly
beyond their power of endurance, and enlivened
by insufficient recreation or amusement. The
health of our women has been depreciating
during the last forty or fifty years, is a fact too
lamentably patent to be questioned. To be
exempt, for a twelvemonth, from some bodily
ailment, or that kind of delicate health which
is but a slight remove from it, has become a
fact of no common occurrence. When persons
thus constituted are forced, by the circum-
stances of their position, beyond their strength,
it is not strange that, where predisposition to
disease exists, the brain should become the
suffering organ. They contribute very largely
to swell the number of cases charged to "ill-
health," in the table of causes which forms a
portion of most of hospital reports,—a number
which has been steadily increasing, until it pre-
dominates over every other. The evil is so
much the more deplorable, as it seems to be
beyond the reach of any practicable remedy.—
A single morbid agency might be met and
overcome; but when the evil results, as it does
in this case, from a host of adverse agencies,—
a climate changeable, and presenting the ex-
tremes of temperature, unventilated apart-
ments, food of poor materials and badly cooked,
patent medicines, (become almost as common
as daily bread,) deficient exercise at one time
and excessive labor at another, social habits in
which the gratification of the cheerful emotions
has but little place, hereditary tendencies to
disease inexorable in their operation, though
utterly ignored by the mass of mankind,—it
needs a sanguine faith in human docility, to
expect any immediate improvement. I do not
say that the race is entirely powerless, nor do
I prescribe limits to its energies. What I
mean is, that the prominent causes of our "ill-
health" are too closely connected with popular
ignorance and selfishness to admit of a very
easy removal.

By the class of persons whose cases we are
here considering, no more conservative agency
can be had, than that of suitable and steady
employment. Absolute rest, idleness, freedom
from care and duty, are not the things most
conducive to mental health. Activity is the
law of our mental, as well as physical life, and
it is not annulled by the presence of morbid
tendencies. It requires only to be skillfully mod-
ified to be followed by its ordinary results,—
continued strength, buoyancy and endurance.
Whatever employment is adopted, it should
fulfill certain indispensable conditions.

The employment should be not merely an
easy sort of drudgery or busy idleness, but one
as interesting and useful as practicable, and
adapted to the person's taste and station.—
Simple occupation of the attention is better
than nothing, but it lacks those conservative
influences which flow from the consciousness
of having accomplished something that needed
to be done. It should involve no great respon-
sibility, nor subject one to unpleasant inter-
course with others. It should furnish little
occasion for the control of temper, and be as
free as possible from disappointments and
failures. There are many kinds of employment
in which these persons might safely engage
while the sea is smooth and the winds light,
but which, in those periods of storm and tem-
pest that are sure to happen sooner or later,
would be full of peril. If they consult their
own welfare, they will never undertake to com-
mand ships, superintend railroads, or embark
in mercantile adventure.

From social pleasure of the simple, quiet

kind, the happiest effect may be expected; but
absolute seclusion should not be more carefully
avoided, than gatherings of people where the
sound of passion is heard, and the heart and
the will are carried away captive by the ir-
resistible power of sympathy. I do not say that
there are no exceptional cases, but until satis-
fied by competent authority that the general
rule does not apply to them, these persons
had better act habitually on the conviction,
that such scenes are not for them.

Of any employment or recreation, it should
be an indispensable condition, that it should
not curtail the proper allowance of sleep, either
by encroaching on its regular hours, or by fill-
ing the mind with thoughts and images that
refuse to depart at bidding. Deficient sleep is
a source of imminent peril, and when it contin-
ues for several days, the appropriate remedies
should be sought without delay. A large por-
tion of the secondary attacks of mental disease
are occasioned by loss of sleep, induced by cir-
cumstances more or less under the control of
the patient. No call of duty or of pleasure,
whether it be to watch with the sick, or join
the festive circle, should be allowed to shorten
the period that rightfully belongs to Nature's
sweet restorer.

The sentiment of benevolence, allaying us, as
it does, to the great Giver of all good, would
seem, at first thought, less likely than any other
to be the source of an unhealthy activity, and
yet when so strong as to be the predominant
trait in the moral constitution, it is liable, in
the class of persons under consideration, if not
carefully watched, to lead to the most painful
results. When thus indulged, life, duty, right
and wrong, God and man, are often viewed
solely by the light of this sentiment, with none
of those softening shadows which the rest, un-
der a more equal cultivation, would impart.—
Justice, discretion, expediency, even right, must
all yield to the mere impulses of benevolence,
which recognizes no degrees nor shades in
moral obligation. Oppression under any and
every form must be immediately abated by an
appeal to force; reforms are to be thrust upon
the world, regardless of time and season; abuses
are to be torn up by the roots, careless of the
healthy growth around that may be injured by
the process; and individuals are held to be
responsible for any wrong with which they may
be ever so remotely connected. Whatever is
absolutely wrong, to be fondly cherished or
summarily destroyed. No palliation of the evil
is to be found in the attending circumstances;
no remedy is to be tolerated that implies any
prospective change in the delinquent. Thus, it
becomes, at last, to be regarded as a sacred
duty to vindicate the claims of abstract benev-
olence at whatever hazard, even though it lead
through seas of blood and fire. Instances of
this moral obliquity are not rare in the world,
and so imperfectly is their character understood,
that it is an equal chance whether they pass for
fanaticism, madness, or hardened criminality.—
Looking at them in their true psychological
relations, we need to have no doubt on this
point. Let those, therefore, to whom the warn-
ing is peculiarly necessary, who find themselves
deeply interested and engaged in promoting
benevolent enterprises, reflect that, little as they
may suspect it, every day is bearing them be-
yond the reach of those healthful activities
which prevent eccentric movements of the mind
from passing over the limits of safety.

Again, no sentiment of our nature is more
generally cultivated, in all Christian communi-
ties, than the religious; and, connected as it is
with the highest interests of the individual, it
is not strange that it should often be excessive-
ly exercised, and strained beyond the point of
healthy endurance. In persons of ill-balanced
temperament, this result is almost inevitable, un-
less prevented by timely precaution and man-
agement. The elevated themes which engage their
attention are allowed to withdraw the mind
from every other apparently interior object,
with the usual result of narrowing the intellec-
tual range, and disturbing that rightful bal-
ance of the faculties which always characterizes
the most efficient order of minds. Gradually
and unconsciously they reach a point where they
have no thought for anything else but favorite
themes. Intense and constant meditation upon
them is followed, sooner or later, by its legiti-
mate results,—excessive extravagance of thought,
unnatural rapidity of the mental movements,
startling imagery, irrational combinations of
ideas, and downright delusion. In one, the
process may occupy months or years; in another,
weeks or days, according to the varying con-
ditions of the case; but in all, the efficient
agency is the same,—the undue exercise of a
sentiment that might, at one time, have been
controlled by the will.

The danger in this class of cases is all the
greater, because the sentiment is pre-eminently
social in its character, and its indulgence is
greatly affected by the power of sympathy. The
example of multitudes engaged in similar exer-
cises, encouraging and emulating one another
in the intensity of their feelings, has a mighty
influence, even upon the most sluggish spirits,
while upon those of morbid proclivities, it often
operates with irresistible force, sometimes when
least expected, and breaks down every barrier
that reason can place in its way. This is not a
rare and exceptional phenomenon. In the ta-
bles of cases contained in the reports of many
of our hospitals for the insane,

restoration to political rights. Schleswig like Holstein may have the benefit of representation. But though these offers are made for the purpose of settling disputes which have long been pending between Germany and Denmark yet, they are made under the condition that no authority is thereby granted to the confederation to interfere in the affairs of Schleswig.—But to this the Prussian government replies that the confederation will never consent to relinquish the right of interference. Baron SCHLEINITS, the Prussian Premier, does not claim that the Duchy of Schleswig belongs to the German Confederation. But that, as the King of Denmark is also Duke of Schleswig he is under certain obligations to the confederation which he is bound to fulfil. And it appears to be the opinion of the English Cabinet acting as a mediatorial government, that the King of Denmark is bound by certain promises one of which is, not to incorporate Schleswig with the Kingdom of Denmark. But the neither Austria nor Prussia nor the entire confederation has any right to interfere in the details of administration for the Danish Duchy of Schleswig.

COL. WILLIAM GATES, third regiment U. S. Artillery, formerly stationed at Fort Adams, has been ordered by the War Department to proceed to the head quarters of his regiment at San Francisco, California.

Congress has passed a new Tariff Bill, a Post Office Bill and the Army Bill, and it only requires the approval of the President to make them laws.

Responded to by Hon. Wm. P. SHEFFIELD
as follows:—

The first to proclaim freedom of belief, she is foremost in showing her respect for the conscientious opinions of others, and that she does not claim infallibility for her own. Here is a true

The amount of Northern manufactures sold the South in 1859 is estimated at \$240,000,000.

GEN. TWIGG's name has been stricken from the army roll as a coward and traitor.

from TOAST OF THE DISUNIONISTS.—The President—Long may he waver.

[illegible]

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